

Chimerical by The Readers Muse

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Summary: The gate never closed.

Chimerical

Disclaimer: I don't own "Stranger Things" that is all someone else's playground.

Authors Note #1: prompt response to - "i want a joyce, hopper, bob newby (sean astin) threesome. maybe with a little karen wheeler on the side. she just seems like she hates her husband so much. i love it."
– Welp, anon, hopefully you like because this one took me on a journey.

Warnings: explicit sexual content, canon appropriate violence, sex pollen, drug use, orgy, dubious consent, multiple pairings, threesome, oral sex, vaginal sex, anal sex, cum play, public nudity, public sex, au on the end of season one, horror.

Chimerical

The gate never closed.

That was the last thing that made any sense inside the dark little jigsaw puzzle that had scrambled his brain. Too spread out with lost pieces and no clear picture of what the next moment was supposed to look like to pull himself together enough to figure out what to do about it.

If there was anything he could do at all.

He remembered Marissa walking naked down the sidewalk with strange little blue spores - like the seeds tufts of an alien flower - caught thick on her hair. He remembered how warm her sex had been when she'd pressed it up against his thigh and started grinding into him. Letting go of these damn kittenish sounds that'd made him harden in his slacks like nothin' else mattered. Like she didn't have him pressed against a mail box, soaking the knee of his slacks with her wet as somewhere behind them, the sound of a rear-end crash echoed like a broken scream into the stunned-still air.

He remembered watching the sky over town stain itself with nightmare colors as he tipped back his head and grunted out his

pleasure. Encouraging the eager head of curly red hair to swallow him down as cum leaked out the corners of her red-bitten lips. He didn't know her. She knew him though, or maybe she'd just read his name tag. Because she'd *screamed* it when he'd fucked her. Loud like she couldn't get enough as he lifted her easily, folding her down into a chair as the hinges creaked a rusty warning.

He remembered kissing someone with muscled forearms and stubble on their cheeks as his pants pooled around his ankles. Caught around his shoes despite the fact the somewhere along the line he'd lost his socks as the radio in the squad car crackled with unidentified screams.

He remembered a pile of bodies splayed on the sidewalk in front of the medical clinic. Something orange, pulsing and electric moving under their skin until their limbs started twitching and they opened their eyes to stare, stare, stare with nothing but the whites. No pupil. No iris. Just orange-tinted white. Blind, but somehow still seeing.

Don't let them touch you.

He remembered the hood underneath him coated with a fine layer of soot and blue pollen as the library burned the next street over. Encouraging Karen Wheeler, still pretty and lithe as anything, to put her frustrated hunger to good use as Flo's voice crackled over the radio - scared, calling for him, *calling for anyone* - but he ignored it. Whispering awful things into the thickening air as she moaned and tightened around his cock. Digging angry red rivers across his chest with her nails as she screamed his name. Wanting more. Wanting it so bad that when they slid off the hood of his squad car and onto the road she was already whimpering - one hand pressed against her nub like she couldn't stand the loss. Eying his dick hungrily as a growl - a sound he didn't even recognize as coming from him until it suddenly was - worked its way up his throat.

He remembered watching the dark tendrils start to take shape in the sky between lightening flashes. Prematurely lighting up the space above their heads as he laughed with a stripped throat and stumbled out of range when Ted Wheeler lurched out of no where and tried to break his face with a weak fist.

He remembered grinning into the dark when he caught sight of Nancy and Jonathan through the gloom. Expelling a white plume into the cool fall air as he arched his back and came again, shooting cum over at least three different faces. Baring his teeth at them like a challenge and an invitation all in one as the barrel of Nancy's gun drooped the same moment he gripped her father by his shredded shirt collar and licked a stripe of his own cum off the man's cheek. Somehow still able to see their mouths making sounds between the moving bodies as Karen sat back down on his cock - *hard* - and started moving again. Allowing it when Ted cupped her breasts, making her keen as surprise arched across her lovely features. Like for the first time in her life her husband had managed to surprise her.

He was a dozen different emotions and the father of at least five newborn experiences he'd never imagined he'd like so much by the time Joyce found him. All screeching tires and a firm yank on Karen's shoulder, pulling her off him with unhappy lips before Scott Clarke, the science teacher he'd talked with when they'd been out looking for Will finally collapsed in a fit of coughing. Lips tinted blue and thick with pollen as he grabbed Karen's hair in a brutal, desperate fist and yanked her on top of him.

Joyce was crouching down in front of him.

Blurred around the edges, but still beautiful in that familiar- worn sort of way she had.

She was wearing his jacket.

The one he'd left at her place last week with the high fur collar that somehow managed to make her look lost and ethereal all in one fever-flushed glow.

She didn't have to pry him away.

He came willingly.

Making welcoming little sounds in the back of his throat that made her keep glancing back at him in the rear view mirror. Fingers *taptaptapping* against the steering wheel as she tried to coax some words out of him. But he just shook his head and stroked his cock

lazily. Letting the blanket she'd shoved into his lap before she'd jammed him into the back seat fall away. Inviting her see him as her lips moved around a curse as the house on the corner of main street quietly burned.

He remembered understanding she wasn't like the others. The ones that'd seen him and immediately presented. Gagging for his taste, for his cock, his hands on their skin. But she wasn't like the people shambling through the downtown core with neon orange veins in place of blue.

She was... *Joyce*.

He wanted to kiss her free of that.

He wanted-

The cock of a shotgun made him look up when they were almost at her front porch. Free hand caught in empty air as his lips twitched to meet hers. Shoving her behind him instinctively as he showed his teeth to the dark. Snarling a bit as Joyce dropped the keys the same moment the thin, handle portion of a baseball bat caught him upside the head out of no where and crumpled him.

"It's that blue shit! The librarian lady got him, what's her name? Dustin saw it. She walked out of barbers naked. We'd called him to come get us, those orange zombie things had us cornered- but she got her hands on him and kissed him and he was a goner," Steve more or less yelled. Pacing audibly.

He listened as they spoke above him. Cock hard and throbbing under another blanket they'd puddled into his lap. Registering faintly that they'd handcuffed him to the couch in Joyce's living room. The scent of her - sharp with anxiety - flooding his senses dizzily every time he breathed in.

"What do we do? We can't leave him like this. There has to be some way," Joyce murmured. Close like she was hovering over him.

A familiar taste flirted with the air. Something outside. Something

coming. He grinned into the dark of his own closed lids. Purring quietly. He recognized the scent. Remembering the way the man had cleaved - almost in two - when the bottle of oil he'd used to slick the way shattered at their feet. Sinking his teeth into the man's neck as his lips stung hot with the burn of his stubble. Pressing all that soft strength even harder into the brick wall as the man's tightness slowly - so slowly - gave. Melting down until the man was sighing contently and he was seizing through a bolt of pleasure he hadn't expected as he suddenly bottomed out in the most delicious way.

"He's awake," Nancy issued cautiously. Inhaling audibly like she'd seen something shocking as he stretched. *Preening*. Handcuffs rattling in a way he knew he could break anytime. He was beyond those rules now. He was more. *Better*.

He opened his eyes, staring heady through the fan of his lashes as Joyce came back into view.

"Hopper? You alright?"

His mouth was dry.

He didn't realize it until Jonathan passed over a glass of water and she held it up to his lips.

He was still gulping it down when Bob Newby slammed through the door like the locks weren't even there. Still dressed in his scrubs from the hospital as he stumbled through the door with blood air drying down his shirt. Gasping his name like he remembered him too before he collapsed across the carpet as Joyce screamed. A pulsing blue welt visible on his neck – right where he'd sunk his teeth hours ago - as the room condensed then exploded with activity.

Pride.

That was the emotion he felt.

Accomplishment.

Love.

It was all there.

Thickening the air alongside all the ranging, terrified screams as the welt on the side of the man's neck broke open and hazed the room with a thin coating of blue pollen. Filling the dead space with the fresh petrichor of new life.

It was time to start again.

A/N: This story is now complete. Thank you for reading, please let me know what you think.

Reference:

Chimerical: unreal; imaginary; visionary, wildly fanciful, highly unrealistic.